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No. 134.

LOVE'S ARROW.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Over a sea of silver stars,
Darting across the blue of night,
Swift as the bright electric cars,
A young Spirit winged its flight,
Feeling its course,
On the genial maze—
And then its quick eyes earthward turned
To a cot where a low light burned.
Within this cot, on the cushioned floor,
A lover knelt to his lady fair,
And though she heark'd to his ardent pour
Of words, he saw no promise there.
"All is lost," he said,
And passion dead—
Despair was in his tortured breast,
And why this scene, the Spirit guess'd.
Silently came the child of air
Into the cot where the lover knelt,
Where the young girl so proud and fair,
Never thought of one had felt,
And bade her bairn,
And sent a three.
Of love into that heart so cold,
Weaving its bliss like threads of gold.
"Twas soul in soul and lip to lip,
The lovers dreamed the hours o'er,
With smiles and many a nectared sip
Of joys that were denied no more.
And when the pair had
Sat whispering there,
The glorious Spirit winged its flight
Again on its journey through the night.

Madame Durand's Protégés; OR, THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME.

A DESOLATE wilderness of a place, closed in around by Pennsylvania hills, which mocked its title of Fairview Glen. The village was long and narrow, the heights precipitous, broken and dangerous. The hillsides were covered with thick growths of somber, scrubby pines, with silver birches, oaks, and chestnuts, mingling sparsely in the heavy foliage.

Fairview village straggled in irregular line, its squat houses clinging fast in notches and declines, with a couple of tolerably accurate streets lying in the level stretch which bordered the deep, rock-bound, noisy creek, that gurgled complainingly through unseen crevices, and twisted like a snake through the dark ravines.

At the top of the glen, a mile or more from Fairview, was a granite-built manse where dwelt Madame Durand, whose sterile yet wifely profitable possessions extended for miles on every side.

A pedestrian was clambering up the footpath which led by a more direct route than the winding road to the manse. A little wiry man, well past middle age, with grizzled hair sleekly combed, and a cadaverous countenance, which would have worn a decidedly dyspeptic look but for the glimmer of cheery good-humor expressed in the bright blue eyes which had in no wise dimmed. He had a quick, nervous motion which betrayed the working of a restless mind, and accompanied the soliloquy he was indulging in by gesticulating, and checking off the points he mentally decided with a lean forefinger on the palm of the opposite hand.

"One—two—three," he counted. "Yes, positively three times that Madame Durand has sent me for in hot haste within a week. First to make an extension of Winston's lease, as though my time were of no value that I should employ it in trotting up this mountain-side for merely that! Then, to have me go quietly over the books of that young agent she has taken to the manso late, and right glad I am to be rid of the charge of rents and taxes she has saddled on him. No use of my trouble, either; the young fellow is open and honest as the day. Not a flaw in his accounts and the books perfect; couldn't keep them better myself. I only wish the other *protégé*—the one she has planted in my office against my wish and will, I'll confess—had something like his method and application.

"Mighty queer woman is the madame! A bed of quicksand, a deceitful sea, a cat's claw in a velvet case, when she's smiling; a small tornado, a fire-spitting volcano, when her ire's roused. I'm the only man in the village that's not afraid of her, I believe, always excepting my young law-student, and he would face St. Michael himself. A reckless lad that, and not bound for much good, I doubt me."

The wiry little lawyer paused to take breath and to shake his head ominously, but continued his soliloquy when he pursued his walk again.

"And now what the madame may want is beyond my guess. Some fool's errand, I dare say. The woman will take no advice, so there's scarcely a hope she will attend to the one matter that, if I had my way, should be a nightmare to her till it is done. Does she expect to live as long as Methuselah, I wonder?"

He passed through a side gate into the grounds belonging immediately to the manse.

A couple of flats in the form of terraces, which occupied the space in front of the building, were crowded with flower-beds of fantastic shape, with white-pebbled walks twisting like shiny-scaled serpents between.

It was one of the madame's whims to dispense with right-angles; so bed and walks formed a complication of curves

curious to witness. A stretch of turf on one side was separated by a low, well-trimmed hedge from the sharp decline of the mountain-side; on the other, orchards of various fruits deepened into a grove of the native forest trees.

The house was built of solid granite blocks, with a round tower rising on the northern side. Two square facades, facing the west, were separated by a smaller square like an unenclosed court. This was approached by a half-dozen granite steps, and was paved with alternate squares of black and gray. Three or four great entrance-doors opened upon a piazza which encircled this court.

Madame Durand had divested the whole front of a grim, formidable aspect by filling the open square with growing plants. Oleander trees in immense boxes, prickly cacti, and glossy-leaved orange trees, well protected from searching winds; geraniums and running vines in huge porphyry vases; vivid mosses and feather ferns springing from the crevices of two miniature pyramids composed of unique specimens of the native rocks.

The lawyer stared at her stupidly, evidently unaccustomed to such magnificence. Madame laughed; hers had been a musical voice once, years ago, but it was shrill and disjointed since its triumphant cadence now.

"A very good day to you, Mr. Thancroft," she cried, in a high-pitched, vivacious tone. "Good gracious, man, what has come over you? you are speechless as a mute and staring as an owl. Fortunate that I'm not easily disconcerted, now, isn't it?"

The lawyer bowed low, and muttered an apology as he placed her.

"Ah, say nothing, say nothing," interrupted Madame, graciously waving him to a seat near her. "I see exactly how it is. You are surprised to see such a butterfly emerge from the chrysalis of my old black velvet and close cap. You didn't know I could grace the Durand jewels still with any sort of dignity. Truth to tell, I doubted it, too, and decked myself sparingly, lest I might appear like a death's head arrayed for the banquet. I am gratified; I am back in my old element again. I say to myself: 'Bien, madame! your old power has not yet gone from you.' Almost like the great Alexander, I say that there are no more fields to win, no more foes to conquer. First, I quelled those who opposed me; then I conquered myself; and now, is it not pitiful?

I have no one to sympathize with me in

my new taste of the old familiar grandeur."

She spread out her hands, with their load of glittering stones. The pride of the Durands was like a great spreading tree, and two particular branches, which Madame delighted in, were her pride of her own well-preserved comeliness, and of the Durand jewels, which were noted for their magnificence.

The lawyer met her half-mocking glance with one of quiet research.

Madame's moods were so chameleon-like he was puzzled often to know how much sincerity her words contained.

"Whose fault is it that you have not one closely allied, who would joy with you or sorrow with you—who would add pleasure to your happiness, and comfort you in grief?"

The lawyer met her half-mocking glance with one of quiet research.

Madame burst forth the lawyer, impetuously. "You have warned me to silence on this subject more than once, but I will speak now; I will follow out my own view of duty by urging you to do justice to your own kin, at risk of all the friendship and interest that are between us. Our own claims are quits! You are a good friend to me; I am a good ally to you—neither is held beyond individual inclination. Heaven knows, if I have any influence with you have striven faithfully to throw it into the balance in behalf of the boy who comes of your blood, and who is a floating waif somewhere, on the cold charity of the world for all I know, or any one else but you. You, madame, are unjustly holding him out of his own; you admitted once that you have kept him in ignorance of his own origin, his true sphere, his rightful inheritance. Have you no natural affection that your vindictiveness must reach beyond the grave to the innocent offspring, whose sole offense was, after all, a slight one?"

"Madame, let me implore you, do not disregard the duty which devolves upon you. Do justice to your son's son if you would escape the rackings of remorse when it is too late."

Twice Madame had essayed to check his tumultuous flow of words, and now she raised her ebony stick, stamping it angrily upon the floor.

"Ah, presumption!" she cried, sibilantly. "Another word and I will have you turned away from my door. I will disgrace you; I will take from you your patronage; I will unmake you as I have made you. Oh, ingratitude! you—you to dictate to me. No more—no more!"

She half-rose in her chair, gesticulating violently, and quivering with indignation.

"I can say nothing more, madame. What can I hope to gain by it if no impulse of your heart responds to my appeal?"

"Heart!" cried Madame. "You speak of hearts! What do you expect me to care for hearts when I glory in having none? Bah! I suffered enough before I rid myself of the troublesome incumbrance. I have an organ answering to the demands of actual life and perfect health. I have a brain and a will not to be blunted by any pettifogger. I have a digestion, a very good digestion, and so keep in cheerful tone. But of heart, as you define it, I have none, thank Heaven!"

"I trust you deceive yourself, madame."

"What! would you have me racked by tortures, torn by grief, consumed by inward fires? The remembrance of what I endured sets me afame, but having no heart, I have no pain, and dismiss it, so!"

She extended her hands, palms outward, and sunk back into her seat, suddenly calm.

"You should not provoke me to anger," she said. "I can't afford to quarrel with you, and you know it. There, there! I sent for you in the way of business."

"To make your will, madame?"

"My will!" shrieked Madame Durand, shivering and shaking her stick at him menacingly. "Do you want me to die, man? Ah, you would like to be appointed sole executor; you would like a mourning-ring, and a well-stocked farm, and a set of silver plate, as kind remembrances. My will! People always die after they make their wills."

"Sometimes they die before," suggested the lawyer, maliciously.

"What pity!" retorted Madame. "Then honest lawyers lose their fees."

"A truce to quibbling," said Mr. Thancroft. "Come to your point, madame. Let us not waste time to no purpose."

"Truly, a man's way of covering a retreat," scoffed Madame. "Cowards—traitors, all of them. I wonder you are not ashamed of your sex, Mr. Thancroft."

"Business, madame, business!"

"Very well, then." Madame metamorphosed in a moment. She caressed her jeweled hands, looking placidly before her.

"You wondered at seeing me without my somber attire. Do so no longer; I have determined to inaugurate a new state of affairs here at the manse. I shall turn another leaf in my book of life, Mr. Thancroft."

"I want more vitality in the house. What would you say to introducing a younger generation?"

He regarded her with inquiring interest, but silently inclining his head, awaited her further explanation.

"I have learned that there are two young girls of the Durand blood, coming of another distinct branch but distantly allied to me, both poor and obscure. I want them looked up and brought here to be provided for at my expense. Who knows but I may conclude to make one of them my heirress?"

"Madame!" ejaculated the lawyer, aghast.

"Hold your peace then, and let me alone to follow my own course. What I want of you is to find those girls and bring them here to me. Erne will give you my written instructions. Good-morning to you, Mr. Thancroft."

Madame Durand dismissed him abruptly with a peremptory wave of her jeweled hand.

And the lawyer, going slowly out through the little court, shook his head and muttered to himself in a very dissatisfied way.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME'S PROTEGES.

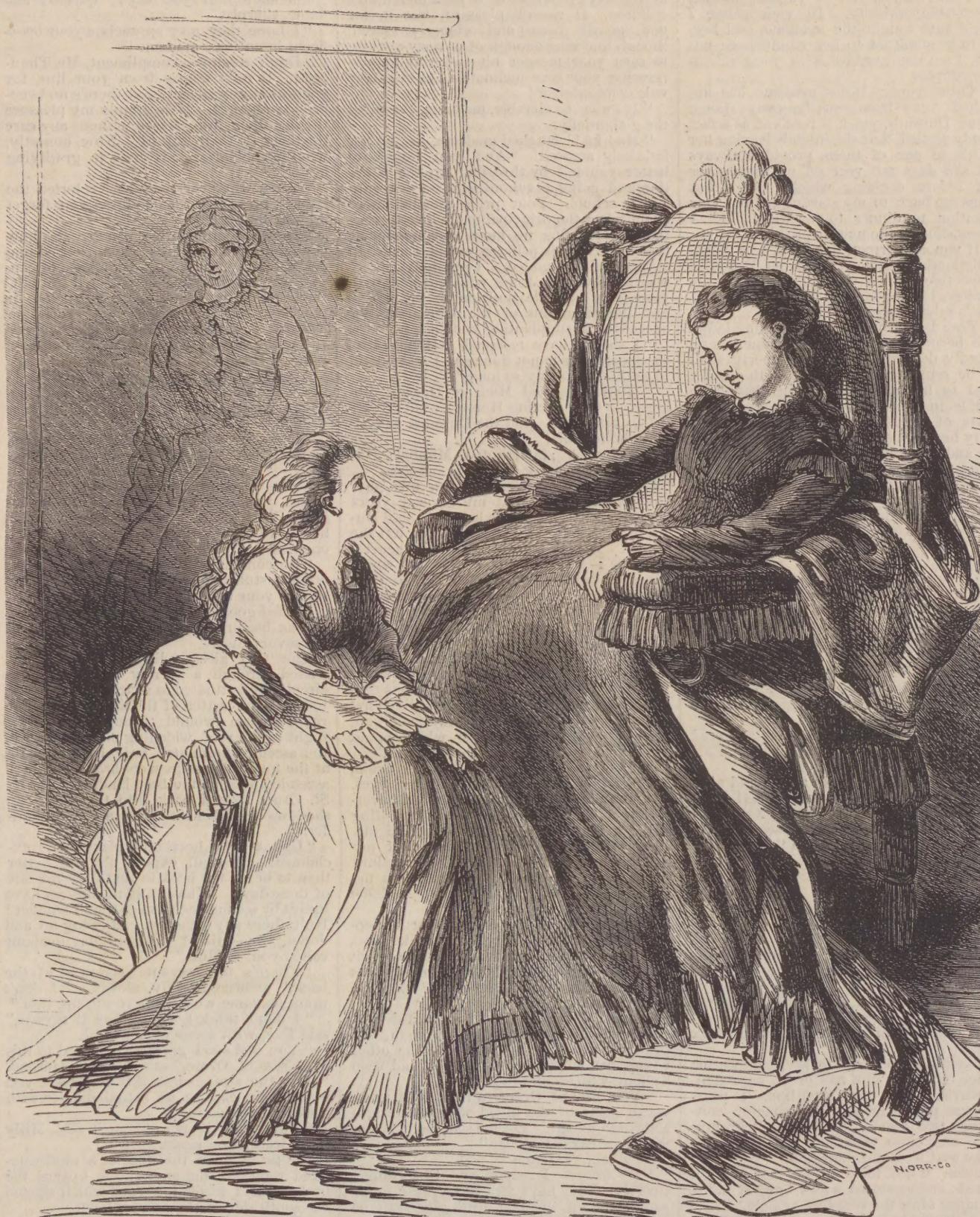
A YOUNG man lounged on the bank of the noisy little creek, with fishing-tackle lying idle beside him. Inert and listless as he seemed, with half-closed eyes and lazy attitude, he did not look like a vapid dreamer.

His features were straight and regular, with the low, broad brow and short curving upper lip seldom seen except in statuary. His collar was thrown open, exposing his neck like a white, strong column. His hair was brown, glistened with bronze, and lay in short waves about a head which, in its perfect classic outlines, might have served as a model of some Greek god.

Nature is neither stink nor mercenary in her good gifts; she does not bestow lavishly on any one class or station. Judged by his personal endowments this young man, handsome as Apollo Belvidere, might have been taken for a prince of the blood; yet he was only Lucian Ware, Mr. Thancroft's law-student.

He half turned his head as a step came down the rocky pathway and was deigned on the thick turf of the bank where he lay, but seeing the new-comer made no further change of his position.

"You, Valere?" he said, with a yawn.



"We are both beauties, but there's no reason why we should be rivals on that account."



"I thought it might be old Thancroft's shadow—North, you know. Such a spoony, so devoted to the interests of the office as he has it. Unnecessarily honest and deucedly vexatious to toe the mark after his style, I say. I gave him the slip to-day, after the boss was off, and got here for a little quiet enjoyment."

"Which I have interrupted, I suppose. Did you hear me in your dreams, or were you asleep?"

"I was thinking how blank North will look when he finds his old musty documents uncopied. Madame deserves my grateful thanks no doubt, but I wish she had found me a more agreeable berth than Thancroft's snuggery."

"It was your own choice, if I remember. 'Hobson's choice, you mean. There was no alternative presented."

"The professions were all open to you."

"One is good as another," returned Ware. "I hate drudgery, and the professions are made of it. Look at the boss, for instance; he is nothing more than an animated machine to carry out the whims of other people. What pleasure does he find in such a narrow existence, think you?"

"The consciousness of being of use to his fellow-man, perhaps?"

"Stuff! We are beyond the age of Quixotic enterprises, my dear fellow, and just as far ahead of such philanthropic acutations as you would ascribe. Of course Thancroft don't realize his own littleness, but a man with a soul above trifles could never content himself while so prescribed."

"Meaning the illustration to apply to yourself?"

"Exactly. Think of me writing out cases or dancing attendance to the madame's will. Faugh!"

"Is not that an unfortunate view to take of it? How do you reconcile the application of your life and labor with such discontent?"

"I don't pretend to," returned Ware.

The other, a young man of apparently about Ware's own age, which scarcely exceeded two-and-twenty, leaned against the trunk of a neighboring birch tree, gazing thoughtfully down into the stream below.

He was taller, heavier and darker than his handsome companion, but his countenance was prepossessing, and his appearance that of a well-bred gentleman. His name was Erne Valere, and he was the youthful agent whom Madame Durand had lately employed to the relief of Mr. Thancroft, who had hitherto been burdened by the sole charge of all the business.

The young man's office was onerous without accreting much of honor; he kept the accounts of a half-dozen farms scattered at some distance further up the mountain; of the cattle and produce each yielded, for they were sterile lands fit for little except pasture. Madame had grown rich from them, however, so steady had been the success of her speculations in stock-raising.

These two young men were her protégés! Madame was eccentric even in her charities, and while it was supposed that she had some deeper reason than mere beneficence in seeing them educated and provided for, her real motive—*if she had a concealed one*—had not been unveiled from obscurity.

Erne Valere had apartments at the manse since his entrance upon his new duties, and received his instructions generally from Madame herself. But, apart from these business interviews, he received neither courtesy nor observation from Madame except on stated occasions, when the two young men were invited together to dine with their patroness. Each had received the customary notification upon the morning of the day, some two weeks subsequent to the interview chronicled between the Madame and her lawyer.

Lucian Ware lay upon the turf bank plucking idly at the blades of grass, but as his companion displayed no inclination to break the silence which had fallen between them, he addressed him again petulantly.

"Are you taking your turn at dreaming now, Valere? A pretty one to preach morality of action—*you!*"

"I have not yet done so, but I would assuredly if I thought my words would have effect."

"Spare yourself; I have been following the bent of your mind. It is a very transparent mask that you wear."

"You are acute at reading human nature."

"I don't find much good in it to reward me for the study; though if I did I would scarcely follow it. I detest your mask that you wear."

"Are you acute at reading human nature?"

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"I wish you were not so skeptical, Lucian," said Erne, concernedly. "You rob your life of much that would be pleasant in it but for that distrust of mankind—yourself inclusive—you so persistently cling to."

"You mistake," interrupted Ware. "I do not distrust myself. I have the utmost confidence in my own capacity for either good or evil; I wonder if it is a perversion of nature that I incline to the latter. I think I could take a kind of supreme satisfaction in knowing myself bad to the very core, not one of your coarse, bloodthirsty ruffians, but a gentlemanly scoundrel who could 'smile and smile and be villain still.' There, don't look so shocked, Valere; I haven't compassed my ambition yet, whatever I may do in time."

"You speak recklessly, Lucian. Life is too full of glorious possibilities for such a satire on it as you picture, and should not be viewed in the way you see it. The indulgence of these vague dreams is a profitable way of spending idle time."

"Stolen time, my good Erne; stolen to indulge this very profitless amusement. Doubtless you think I am wasting the precious dust of time to my own irremediable loss, but you should remember that striking instances of genius have developed from unexpected sources. I will make a bold stroke some day which shall leave me lord of the castle recognized in even our republican land."

"Take care, my lord, that your castle does not tumble about your ears, provided any thing so unsubstantial as air can be demolished."

"I might have known you would have no sympathy with my aspirations."

"All worthy aspirations claim my sympathy."

"Fair in my sight, foul in yours, perhaps. To change the subject, you have been bid to the feast to-night, I suppose."

"Yes; Madame has extended the customary invitation."

"Not quite, for this is an extra occasion. Have you never learned the art of putting two and two together?"

"I fail to comprehend."

"Have you been made acquainted with Madame's latest whim? She is not content with sheltering you and I beneath her motherly wing, but has hunted up a couple of poverty-stricken female relatives to share our favor. Don't I hope they may be gushing girls of the period whose boisterous propensities shall make the Madame rue her assumed responsibility? Old Thancroft was in high dudgeon, and betrayed more of the master than he was authorized to do, I imagine."

"Then do not repeat the information you chanced to gain, Lucian. You should respect the wishes of our patroness, even though her commands do not weigh upon you."

"You are too conscientious by half, Erne. There is nothing secret in what I have heard—nothing but you might have known had you unbent from your dignity far enough to have questioned the servants at the manse. There, don't look so thunderous, brave champion of morality! No one would suspect you of yielding to such inexcusable curiosity. In your place, I should have sought the Madame, and begged to be admitted to her confidence; but then, I am not troubled with your ridiculous scruples."

"These young ladies Madame has unearthed come from some far-away branch of the Durands, yet it is received as a fact already settled, that she intends leaving her wealth to one of them, provided always that she does not wear off on some other tack before deciding which. And that brings me back to my starting-point. Our invitation to dinner to-day will include a presentation to the new acquisitions."

"If you are correct, there will be a marked distinction between Madame Durand's prospective heiress and Lucian Ware, the penniless law student, or Erne Valere, Madame's salaried agent."

"Yes; but only one of the young ladies is to become the heiress. Madame has repeatedly declared that the property shall not be separated. They are both equally allied to her, and she will feel bound to provide in some manner for the least fortunate of the two. What easier than to marry her to one of the dependent young men, and pension the pair, thus comfortably ridding herself of them? Madame is a deep one in her way, though she isn't apt to consider all the consequences."

"It was intolerable, Madame," replied the girl, briefly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Madame, as though infinitely amused. "And you hoped to better yourself by throwing up the situation and going as subordinate teacher into a day school. Your pride rebelled there again when the principal made love to you, though receiving no more encouragement than a disdainful princess would accord to a presuming subject. Unhappily, there was a fussy Miss Jones who coveted both your truly enviable position in the school and the attentions of the principal. She succeeded in supplanting you."

"I should have resigned at the end of the term had she not done so. I was bound in all honor to stay so long."

"Honor?" cried Madame Durand, jibingly. "Oh, exacting Honor! what crosses it lays upon us! And the Durands are always honorable!"

"Madame!" interrupted Mirabel Durand, with an angry sparkle in her eyes.

"No imputations against your own motives, young lady; but my seventy years may comprise truer knowledge of these Durands than your single score. You left the school. You fell back upon that general resource—that miserable slavery which educated women fly to when left to their own efforts. You gave music lessons, trudging your rounds as regularly and almost as often as the postman himself."

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"No imputations against your own motives, young lady; but my seventy years may comprise truer knowledge of these Durands than your single score. You left the school. You fell back upon that general resource—that miserable slavery which educated women fly to when left to their own efforts. You gave music lessons, trudging your rounds as regularly and almost as often as the postman himself."

"I should have resigned at the end of the term had she not done so. I was bound in all honor to stay so long."

"Honor?" cried Madame Durand, jibingly. "Oh, exacting Honor! what crosses it lays upon us! And the Durands are always honorable!"

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"I should have resigned at the end of the term had she not done so. I was bound in all honor to stay so long."

Storms also was in an uneven frame of mind. Gimp instantly perceived this, and his own excitement grew more marked.

"Yes, Mr. Gimp, I went to Birdwood."

"Yes, yes—and you saw Kurtz?" fingered the handle of his cane and fidgeted uneasily.

"I saw him."

"Yes, yes—and you did as I told you?"

"Exactly."

"Yes—and the effect, Mr. Storms?—the effect?"

"That is what I wished to see you about. Won't you sit down?"

"No, no; never mind. Quick, tell me the effect of your words on Karl Kurtz."

"He looked at me as though I had struck him a blow in the face, and then sunk down."

"Painted?"

"Yes."

"He did?—he did?" The lawyer fairly squealed the words; then he began rubbing his hands together in a delighted way, and asked:

"Then what, Mr. Storms?—then what? What after that?"

"I left the house, and returned to the city. To tell the truth, I feel worried at what I have done."

"Worried? Nonsense! It's all right; it's excellent, oh, wonderfully excellent! You!"

"Explain yourself, Mr. Gimp; you puzzle me." The young man could not help remarking the extraordinary jubilation of his companion.

"Nothing; nothing much, that is, my dear sir. Now I'm a made man from this day. So are you. You'll win Lorilyn St. Clair, undoubtedly. Oho! most excellent!"

"Mr. Gimp, what means all this?"

"Don't I tell you it means nothing? But, stick to your ground, Storms—stick! Follow up what you've commenced. See Kurtz again to-morrow. Push things. Lorilyn St. Clair is yours. I already see you at the altar with her at your side. And I'm a made man—I am! Now, I'm off. I'm going to Birdwood," and he darted toward the door, with an activity foreign to his corpulence, while he chuckled until his fat body shook like so much jelly.

"Is the man crazy?" Storms asked himself, as he listened to the patter of the lawyer's feet on the stairs.

Lawyer Gimp, half an hour later, was speeding over the road that led to Birdwood.

"I'm made!" he would exclaim, every once in a while. "Yes, I'm made! All through being shrewd, wide awake, on the lookout! Ha! h—! made!"

With a used-up horse and a dirty buggy, Thaddeus Gimp drew up before the mansion of Karl Kurtz, and, calling the stable to take charge of his animal, he ascended the steps.

Two forms, sitting in large arm-chairs on the piazza, attracted his attention.

"There's the couple I saw at the *Red Ox*," he muttered, as he entered the house. "The one who has given me my cue—the other in tight clothes, who carries that box all the time. Now, I wonder what's in that box? I'll know before the night is over, or my name isn't that Gimp! Ho, there, fellow! I'm at home!"

"He is, sir," replied the servant addressed.

"Tell him, Thaddeus Gimp, lawyer and solicitor, wants to see him, Hurry," and he turned into the side-parlor, with a swagger and a flourish of his cane.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AVENGER'S TERMS.

A SLEEPLESS night was that passed by Karl Kurtz after bidding his guests adieu when the clock struck one.

Dark memories preyed upon him; his brain fevered in a recollection of some dread crime which cast a shadow over his early life, and now reviled in a painful, haunting vision, with the coming of Vincent Carew.

From side to side across his pillow, he tossed and shifted; in vain he strove to shut out the harassing something conjured by his thoughts; at times a faint ejaculation from his pale lips told of an agony which racked his mind, rioted in his heart.

He did not descend at the call of the breakfast-bell.

Vincent Carew, rising at a late hour, inquired after the owner of Birdwood.

"He's indisposed, sir," was the reply to his question.

He and Dyke went out upon the piazza.

Many were the curious glances bestowed upon the pair by the numerous household servants.

As the two sat alone, Carew's gaze wandered over the broad lands which surrounded the mansion, and a gleam that was strange and foreboding brightened his small, snaky eyes, as he took in the many acres with their wealth of ripening grain, the orchards, the vineyards, the beautiful groves whose scented shadows lied with the blenodings on Aegean shores; the smooth, velvety lawn, with its bowered seats; the neatly-rolled paths that wound like brown serpents through the blooming shrubbery; the fountain spraying its waters in brilliant rainbows, while the immense basin—a miniature Notti Gill—rippled with the sport of innumerable fish dancing their supple madies here and there, as they revelled in the sunbeams.

"A fine place to own, eh, Dyke?"

"Yes, maester," answered Dyke, who had been watching him closely.

Just then a servant passed them, coming from the stable, where he had gone to order out the carriage for Mrs. Kurtz and Lorilyn. Carew detained him to ask:

"Has Mr. Kurtz come down yet?"

"Yes, sir; he's in the parlor now."

"I thought I heard a step in the entry. Come, Dyke, we'll see him."

They proceeded to the parlor.

Kurtz was sitting at a window, looking out. The breeze fanned back the short gray locks from his forehead, showing the latter dry and cold in a deathly paleness. He drummed nervously upon the sill—did not hear them as they approached.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kurtz," a touch of sarcasm on the name.

He turned quickly; a shiver convulsed him when he saw who it was.

"Good-morning." The voice that replied to Carew's salutation was hollow and unnatural.

"Business, if you please, Mr. Kurtz," he advanced to the old gentleman's side, while Dyke Rouel stood aloof, watching and listening intently.

"Business?"

"You are forgetful—purposely, I venture. Our interview was cut short last night; now we'll resume. Do you intend to stand by your agreement with Antoine Martinet?"

"Curse Antoine Martinet!" muttered Kurtz, between his teeth.

"He served you well, once."

"No, he served me ill. Had I never met with him I would not now be what I am—shrinking before my own conscience."

"Your conscience has been well smothered for a number of years. But that's neither here nor there. I have come to keep the pledge—ay, the oath—I gave Antoine Martinet—"

"Man, have you no pity in you?" Kurtz gazed him suddenly, and something like the old fire seemed to rekindle in his nature.

"None," returned his sinister tormentor;

and he added: "So be careful how you brave my power. If you ever again lay your hand on a pistol—"

"Ha!"

"Ay, you did it last night in the library—repeat the action, I say, and I'll set the law bounds on your heels!"

"We are going out for a drive, uncle; will you accompany us?" Lorilyn, attired for a ride, stood in the doorway.

No sooner did Vincent Carew set eyes on the lovely girl, than he clapped his hands to his brow and staggered backward. A choked exclamation fell from his lips; he waved one hand before him, as if he would banish her from his sight.

Eddy replied with a light, silvery laugh, and the two disappeared.

"So he goes to take his regular morning nap," mused Carew. "What better time than now to secure the revenge Antoine Martinet swore to have, and made me attend to as the price of my fortune?"

In the shadows of the entry Vincent Carew awaited the return of the nurse. He felt sure she would come down after seeing Eddy asleep.

The library door opened, and Karl Kurtz came out. But he descended by another staircase.

"The Phantom!" he said. "Oh, God! what can he have meant? None but those with the blood of Carew in their veins ever see it—can it be?" the sentence was not completed; she shuddered and glanced fearfully back at the parlor-windows as the carriage moved away.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Kurtz, noticing her paleness.

"Nothing, nothing, aunt; the heat affects me."

Karl Kurtz looked in utter astonishment on the scene enacted.

"Come," said Carew, his brows knitting in an evil scowl. "We'll have no more nonsense! I've wasted time enough."

"Wait, wait," interrupted Kurtz; "not here; let us go to the library."

"Lead on."

When they reached the library, Carew said:

"Now, Mark Drael, did you look at the paper I dropped on the floor, and which you picked up?"

"No," stammering.

"Do so now." The tone was one of command. The man who held Karl Kurtz so mysteriously in his power was evidently resolved to brook no further delay in attending to that which had brought him to Birdwood.

Trembling, breathing hard, avoiding the burning, malicious gaze that was fixed upon him, Kurtz drew the paper from his pocket.

"Read it aloud."

"Aloud?"

"You heard me," and the sullen, threatening expression grew darker.

"No—at least, spare me that! It is trial enough to—"

"I tell you to read that paper aloud!" thundered Carew, clutching his fist.

"I will—I will."

Karl Kurtz shivered as with an ague when he opened the paper and fastened his eyes on the writing it contained. He faltered, hesitated, seemed incapable of speech.

"Go on."

Slowly, and in broken syllables, he began:

"Know, by this, that I, Mark Drael, am ready, at the order of Antoine Martinet, to fulfill the contract made with him—let that order come when it will; nor will I deny the claims of that contract, but cancel them at once, so help me God!"

"There is more. Read on."

"Let presentation of this be the order. The time has come!"

"And the signature to this? Answer me."

"Is that of Antoine Martinet?"

"And the one above it?"

"But whose is it?"

"Mine!—mine!" groaned the miserable man, and, letting the paper fall from his nerveless fingers, he sunk forward, resting his cold, sweat-bathed forehead in his hands.

"You see I am well armed. You remember the contract?"

"Yes."

Kurtz looked up at him beseechingly.

"So! Now then, my demand: you will go to the city to-morrow, and legally transfer Birdwood to me—hold! that is not all. Besides, you will place fifty thousand dollars to my credit in bank. You can afford me."

"There is more. Read on."

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

BY TOM GOULD.

Alone in the world with its sadness,
To battle its griefs and its strife;
How often I pray for some gladness;
To dawn on the shadowed life.
A small in the wide world so lonely,
Adrift from the pure and the bright;
What might a girl do if she only
Had some one to set her aright!

No father, no mother, no brother!
No sister's affectionate care;
And cold are the hearts of all others—
For plenty, bath nothing to spare.
No man's heart is e'er so dreary,
Is it wretched to wish I were dead?
No mother's caress when I'm weary;
No rest for my poor drooping head.
No friend this wide world to guide me,
No kind heart to show me the light,
No loved one to praise nor to chide me,
No one to set me aright!

The strong are so bold and so free,
The weak are not other than they live;
They think they have nothing to give.
But yet if I fall they will chide me.
Those tongues that refuse me would mourn.
The hand that ne'er offered to guide me,
Would point me the finger of scorn.

Oh, charity, art thou forgotten?
And man's art thou not to play?
What comes to me only forgotten?
That you can not follow his way?
Did Heaven this spirit bequeath you
To shadow all duty from sight?
Or is it a task quite beneath you
To set a poor creature aright?

The Wronged Heiress: OR, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS
SHE?," "BAELED; OR, THE DERNERIAN PROP-
ERTY?," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN?,"
"TWO LOVES?," "MIRIAM BRE-
VORST'S SECRET?," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BOLD, BAD WOMAN.

It is now necessary that we go back to the morning subsequent to Mabel Trevor's forced departure from the boat-house at Woodlawn, where she had been detained a prisoner by the orders of Mrs. Lauderdale.

On this particular morning, the hour was very late when Mrs. Lauderdale quitted her suite of private apartments and descended to the breakfast-room.

She could scarcely have rested well, for her face was nearly colorless, and dark circles could plainly be discerned underneath her eyes.

She ate her breakfast in silence. Jane Burt entered the room just as she was rising from the table. Mrs. Lauderdale knitted her brow in perplexed thought, for a minute or two, but presently said—

"Jane, where is your master?"

"He went to the city, some hours since, madam," replied the very demure maid.

"And Marcia?"

"Has gone for her morning walk."

"Good!" Mrs. Lauderdale stepped to the library door and threw it open.

"Jane," she said, then, looking back, "send Bill Cuppings to me."

"Ah-ha!"

A sort of double exclamation, but these two words, coming from Jane, meant volunes. She at once departed on her errand, however.

Five minutes later, Bill Cuppings entered the library where Mrs. Lauderdale sat, quietly awaiting his coming.

She acknowledged his entrance by a half-nod. "Pray be seated," she said, pointing to a chair near her own.

A smile of peculiar meaning curled the villain's thin lips.

"What?" he cried, with a palpable sneer, "may I really venture to sit in your presence, my lady?"

"Of course."

"Somebody might come upon us unexpectedly."

"Bah!"

"In which event it would be considered very strange that a servant should be closeted with his mistress in confidential talk," went on Bill, that disagreeable sneer still curling his lip.

"The coast is clear," said Mrs. Lauderdale, angrily. "I am not the woman to run risks without first weighing the consequences."

"True, true," said the exasperating rogue.

He sat down, and looked sharply at his mistress. He had a secret to keep now, and any weakness on his part would surely betray this fact to the sharp-sighted woman before him. If he feigned to be studying her face, she would be less apt to notice his.

There was a short silence. Mrs. Lauderdale waited for him to take the initiative, which he was determined not to do.

"Well?" she said, at last, in an impatient tone.

He drew his chair somewhat nearer. "I suppose you are anxious to learn the result of the little episode that occurred last night," he ventured.

"Yes. Speak quickly. Where is the girl?"

"Can't you guess?"

The guilty woman turned deadly pale.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must tell me in so many words what you and Miles did with her."

"She is dead."

He uttered the lie in a perfectly composed tone of voice. His gaze never once wandered from the ghastly countenance of his mistress. Mrs. Lauderdale had not the faintest suspicion that he had broken faith with her.

A slight cry escaped her lips; but it was a cry of relief. She seemed to see the breakers receding that had threatened to overwhelm and ruin her.

"How did you manage it?" she whispered.

"Easily enough. Miles enticed the girl from the grounds, and we carried her off in a cab we had hired for that purpose."

"What then?"

He drew his hand significantly across his throat.

"She is taking a pretty long snooze in the North river," he said, brutally.

"Would you like to hear the particulars?"

"Never mind." The wicked woman shuddered in spite of herself. "Now, I suppose, you want the money I promised you?"

"As soon as convenient, my lady."

"You shall have your share of it this very day—after I have found time to visit my banker."

"And Miles?"

"I will see him, and settle with him myself."

"Indeed!" There was an ugly smile on Bill's lips as he rose to go. "He would have given half the promised reward to have been told the precise nature of the secret his brother and Mrs. Lauderdale held in common.

"I'll find it out yet," he muttered, as he slowly wended his way toward the servants' hall.

Just at present, however, his chief concern was to prevent the wily woman from discovering how utterly he had deceived her in pretending that he had put Mabel out of the way, in accordance with the full spirit of her instructions.

He hoped to profit, in more ways than one, even yet, by her continued existence.

As for Mrs. Lauderdale herself, she felt no remorse because of the crime that she supposed had been perpetrated. Her only emotions were of relief and satisfaction. While Mabel lived, the sword of Damocles had hung suspended over her head; and now that sword was removed.

A few minutes after Bill Cuppings had quitted the library, a servant appeared to announce a visitor.

This visitor, to Mrs. Lauderdale's surprise and consternation, proved to be Philip Jocelyn.

At first she was tempted not to see him. But an instant's reflection convinced her that such a movement on her part would be unwise; therefore she ordered the servant to show him in.

He looked pale and haggard, and advancing slowly into the apartment, paused directly before Mrs. Lauderdale with his arms folded upon his breast.

"You told me a falsehood last night," he said, in a low, deep tone of voice.

She looked up at him haughtily. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"There is such a person as Mabel Trevor, and you know it."

She neither moved nor answered.

"She was hidden somewhere in these grounds at the very moment when I stood on yonder terrace inquiring for her," he went on, excitedly. "She was hidden in these grounds, and you knew it."

The well-arched brows of Mrs. Lauderdale became slightly elevated.

"You make very strange accusations, Mr. Jocelyn."

"But true ones," he said, sternly. "I, myself, saw the girl, after I left your side, last night. She was in the hands of two ruffians. They took her away in a close carriage."

"Why should you link me with the doings of two strange men?"

"One of those men was your servant. Both were acting under instructions from you. Of that I am thoroughly convinced."

Had Mrs. Lauderdale repented a trifle less of confidence in Bill's story, she would have been at her wits' end on hearing these very plain words from Philip Jocelyn. But feeling assured that Mabel was really out of the way, and could never appear against her in this life, she was only a trifle disconcerted.

"Produce this girl, this Mabel Trevor, and bring her face to face with me," she said, haughtily. "I shall then hope to convince you how utterly and entirely groundless are your suspicions."

"Would that I could produce her," cried Philip.

He suddenly caught her hand, and wrung it violently. "For the love of heaven, listen to me," he exclaimed. "Forgo your wicked purpose so far as that innocent girl is concerned. Forgo it, and I promise that she shall never trouble you again in any manner. All I ask is her life and liberty."

"What do you mean by addressing such words to me?" said Mrs. Lauderdale, in a tone of well-affected amazement. "You are beside yourself."

The wicked woman eyed him coolly.

"Why didn't you follow the carriage in which, as you say, the girl was driven away?" she asked.

"I did follow it for some distance. But I was on foot, and it soon left me far behind. I have hunted all night, but vainly. As a last resort, I came back to Woodlawn, hoping to move your stubborn heart to sympathy—hoping that you might be persuaded to give up your fell purpose, and help me to find Mabel."

"Then you believe that impostor's story?"

"Fully."

Mrs. Lauderdale bit her lip, but said nothing. She knew it would be useless to argue with him in his present state of mind.

"I might have had my doubts last night," he added, speaking still in a low, decided voice. "But the last one was removed by what I saw after leaving your side. I am now convinced that Mabel told me the truth."

The wily Jocelyn heaved a deep sigh.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that you should think so illy of me, as you must think, if you give credence to that girl's story," she said. "But I will not quarrel with you. By-and-by you will be convinced of your mistake, and feel sorry for the rash words you have addressed to me this morning. Till then it is better that we see very little of each other. Let us part friends, for ye."

Mabel did not answer.

"Speak I scream the tigress. "Was it Handsome Hal?" was the faint reply.

"You lie! Who else knew where I kept it? It was Hal; and you've bewitched him with your pink-and-white face. You've made a traitor of him. Don't you think I've seen it all? Oh, you wixen! I wish you'd been dead before you ever crossed the threshold of this house!"

Her grasp on Mabel's wrist tightened until the latter almost screamed with pain.

"Let me go, for the love of Heaven, let me go!" she moaned. "I tell you it was not Hal who gave me the key."

"Who, then?"

"I will not tell you."

She was determined, on no account, to betray Julia.

Acting upon this thought, he slipped a gold-piece into Chloe's hand.

"Are you very busy, just now?" he asked.

"Not partic'lar, mas'r," she answered, grinning from ear to ear.

"So much the better. I have a word to say to you in private. Will you follow me down to the garden gate as soon as you can do so, without calling attention to your movements?"

Chloe looked at the gold-piece in her hand, and nodded a willing assent.

Philip hurried down the path, and stood with both elbows leaned upon the garden wall, attempting to arrange his thoughts for the coming interview.

He had not long to wait. In less than five minutes Chloe joined him at the gate.

"Now, mas'r," she began, with a business-like air, the instant she presented herself. "I spects you want to pump me. Out wid it," and she confronted him with an evident eagerness to be pumped.

Perhaps the solitary gold-piece looked lonely, and she hoped to gain a companion for the point.

He hoped to profit, in more ways than one, even yet, by her continued existence.

As for Mrs. Lauderdale herself, she felt no remorse because of the crime that she supposed had been perpetrated. Her only emotions were of relief and satisfaction.

Philip did not have many questions to ask, but the few were put with the greatest possible care, and every one was to the point.

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FROGS.

BY H. M. C.

Down among the dewy rushes,
Where the rippling brooklet gushes,
Nestling down among the bushes,
Saw the frogs.

Hear their dismal croaking,
While the little feet they're soaking;
We think they're crying, they're only joking,
At the frogs.

On, then animal amphibians!
Of cold water only bibulous,
You seem to say, "Kind Christians, pity us,
We are frogs."

How I wonder how it seems,
When at night the moonlight gleams,
Do you animals have dreams
Of other frogs?

Or tadpoles young and frogs so old,
While the little feet they're soaking;
We think they're crying, they're only joking,
At the frogs.

That encloses so much relish,
And a great deal more delicious—
And, ahead of any fish?
Pray tell us, frogs?

We can not tell—no man can guess;
The hidden charms of your language,
So we'll postpone till another age
Our ode to frogs.

Pearl of Pearls:
CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

It was with a thrill of horror that Pearl recognized her old enemy and persecutor.

Despair, dread, a feeling of a soul oppressed—all these preyed overwhelmingly upon her, as she gazed, with a terrified expression, into the evil, sneering, triumphant visage of the man from whose clutches she had thought herself free.

He transferred his hold, in a painful grip, to her wrist, and half-nissed, half-growled, as he eyed her frowningly:

"So, yer thot yer'd get away, eh? Yer thot yer'd beat me, eh? But yer was wrong, gal; yer couldn't get away from Rover, yer couldn't—"

"How—how did you find me?" she panted, while her heart was nearly standing still, and her face turning pale as death.

For, she knew the man was a brutal wretch, a character to hesitate at nothing that crossed the desires of his evil nature. She trembled for herself; her tongue nigh refused to mold the utterance of her lips.

And he marked the fear his presence inspired, for he grimmed devilishly, and squeezed his hard hand tighter round her wrist; while she struggled heroically to keep down the outcry of the pain of his rude grasp threatened to force up.

"How did I find yer, gal? Why, I'd a' found yer if ye'd gone to the other end of the world. One of my boys seen yer goin' off with the other boy, an' he tracked yer. He met my old woman, an' told 'er what was up, an' told 'er to tell me to come over to Washington, that he'd meet me at the depot when I got here. So 'e did. He's a bright'un, he is. He followed yer up here, an' when I come over on the next train, I saw 'im, an' 'e told me where you was, an' I come here to watch for yer, an' I've caught yer, an' I'll teach yer—"

"Oh! I let go of me—let me go!" she cried, making a frantic effort to release herself.

"Hold on here. No, yer don't, my chick. None of that now," threateningly, and only gripping the harder.

"Let me go!" she wailed, fighting him with her disengaged hand.

Rover saw that this thing would not do. Her cries and the noise might attract the attention of a policeman.

"Shut up that racket," he snapped, "or I'll kill yer!"

"Let me go! Let me go!" she screamed.

"D—n yer! I'll—"

"Help! Help!" rang piercingly on the still night air; and—

"Help it is!" echoed a voice, close at hand.

Succor was near.

Rover vented a blasphemous oath, and attempted to take her up in his arms.

But her struggles defeated him.

There was a quick footstep beside them; a third party dashed upon the scene.

"Scoundrel!" uttered a deep voice.

Thus fell a blow on the villain's head that sent him reeling across the curb. Pearl leaped to the protecting arms of her rescuer, with a joyous cry.

Rover recovered himself, and, snarling a malediction on the head of him who had so opportunity interfered, he strode forward to retaliate, with his huge fists doubled, and evil face red with rage.

"He'll kill you!" whispered Pearl, uneasily.

"Kill who?—me? Guess not," was the brief return; and he added, addressing Rover: "Now—rascal!—you come within two feet of me, and I'll riddle your head off, by thunder!"

The street lamp shone full upon the faces of the two men.

"Of all the weapons with which to fight a coward, the human eye is the keenest—for a coward fears the glance of a brave and honest man."

Pearl's rescuer eyed the fellow steadily, fully prepared to meet any attack; and Rover paused before him, hesitating.

"Now, you'd better be off, or I'll give you some more of the same sort!" with a meaning nod.

Rover wheeled abruptly from the spot, looking back at them, and shaking his clenched fist, while he muttered:

"I'll fix yer yet for this!—mind!"

"Well, girl, who is that vulture?" asked Pearl's new friend, when Rover had disappeared in the direction of the Friends' meeting-house.

"Oh, he's a wicked, wicked man!" she exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Ump! Sound say he was. But who is he?"

"I don't know, except that his name is Rover. I escaped from him, in Baltimore, only to-day!"

"Escaped from him, eh?"

"Yes, sir. He had me confined in a damp, dirty cellar, and said he would keep me there until I promised to—steal," and her head bowed, and the last words came whispering from her lips.

"Steal, eh? The rogue!"

"But I got away from him," she continued. "He had other children there, and one of them helped me out. I would have

been in his power again, though, if it hadn't been for you; and he's so wicked, I don't know what he might have done to me."

"Torn you to pieces, perhaps—the tigerly ruffian! But, come now, you'd better run home now—run along. I'll watch you, you're out of sight. Guess there's no danger; and—"

But Pearl did not move.

"Well, why don't you go?"

She looked pleadingly up into his not unknown face, and there were tears gathering in her eyes.

"Oh, sir! I have no home to go to; I am all alone in the world—all alone."

"Eh? Why, you said you lived here, in Washington!"

"So I did, at one time; but that's past. And it was a happy, happy home, until they told me papa was dead. From that hour, all that could make a young life like mine miserable came to fill my heart with sorrow. I am not a beggar, sir; time was—and it's only a short week ago—when all that mind could wish for, or wealth furnish, was given me. But papa—papa—died; and—and—mamma—she's gone far away—maybe I'll never see her again. When I came back to the dear old house, to-night, it was all deserted and dark—not one sign to welcome me. All my dear friends are gone; no one of them knows how unfortunate I have been; and I have thought that God would be merciful, if he called me to Him."

She heard her face in her hands, and the tears that were ready to start, now coursed down her cheeks, as she sobbed out her bitterness of spirit.

He looked at her with widened eyes, as he listened to this utterance of woe, and was astonished at the language—so correct and soulful—with which the (to him) mere child made known so much of her trouble.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed, still staring, and he added, immediately, in his blunt way, though a little softer:

"Well, now, this won't do—never in the world! Here, come along with me. I'll soon fix things right. Come—"

"Where to?" she asked, looking up through her tears, with a sweet hope aross in her bosom.

"Where to? Why, to my house, of course! Come along."

"Oh, sir! Do you mean it?—will you take me to your house?—for I believe you are kind-hearted—you look so."

"Mean it! Gad! of course I mean it. I feel wonderfully interested in you. So, come along, now. Come."

Pearl's heart beat with joy as she started off with him, for she felt sure she could not be mistaken in believing him to be a man of generous heart and sincere nature.

"What's your name, my girl?"

"Pearl."

"Pearl? What else?"

"Never mind my other name, please."

For, abrupt as had been the question, as suddenly it had flashed upon her, that to tell her full name might make a "scandal" in that society where her stepmother was so extensively known; and she resolved that nothing should be said against "mamma," even if Cassa had been right, when she said that Paine and her stepmother were plotting in common against her.

And though he insisted, she was firm. Her last name was held sacred and unuttered.

She had, indeed, at last found a friend.

At his house, he ordered the servants to supply her every want, and attended to all that could make her comfortable and contented.

On the staircase, he bade her good-night, and said, as he held her hand a moment:

"Get a good sleep. I want you to look rosy in the morning."

Then, as she left him, and followed the servant-maid up to her room, he gazed after her, and uttered to himself:

"By George! I'm wonderfully interested in that girl. I must know more about her. Wonder who she is, anyhow?"

CHAPTER XXV.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

It was a blessed haven that had opened to Pearl.

Cyrus Cruffold, her new-found friend, was a blunt-spoken man of some forty odd years, yet sincere of nature, generous and heart, and not the one to refuse that aid which it was in his power to render the unhappy child.

His residence was not far from Pearl's recent home; but, as he had not been at the Capital much over a month, he had not, as yet, heard much of Mrs. Rochester, though the name was familiar to him.

He was from New York—himself and family, of wife and servants with an intimate friend of his wife's, who had not long been in America.

It was a cozy, comfortable room to which Pearl was conducted, after exchanging "good-night" with her friend, and the young girl slept soundly—a feeling of safety and rest within her, that she had not known for three weary days past.

When she awoke next morning, and prepared to descend, she was glad to see, by a glance at the mirror, that she could "look rosy"—as Cyrus Cruffold had expressed it.

At sound of the bell, she went down-stairs.

Cruffold was at the foot of the balustrade, evidently waiting for her, and, on her appearance, he extended both hands in a warm, cheerful greeting.

"Good-morning," he said, in his blunt way. "Ah! you've got the roses on your cheeks. 'Um! Good!' You sleep well."

"Oh, yes—" taking the outstretched hands, and smiling as she looked into his kind face; "I did sleep very nicely. You are very kind to me, Mr. Cruffold. —not till then did it strike her that she had not ascertained the name of him to whom she felt so grateful, and she blushed as she hesitated.

"Cruffold's my name—Cruffold," he prompted; then added: "and Cruffold is a friend of yours. Come now, we'll go in to breakfast. Don't be timid at all."

But Pearl was a little timid, notwithstanding, as he led the way to the breakfast-hall; and she kept close by his side, as if she feared she might still further need his protection.

Two ladies were seated at the table.

One of these was Mrs. Cruffold. The other was Estelle Berkely.

The latter was not so fleshly a woman as when we last saw her; her face had lost much of its natural color, the half-imperious, queenly carriage of the head was missing; and the eyes, that were once so brilliant and piercing, were now a little heavy, and, at times, restless in their expression.

Something was gnawing at the woman's heart; mind and body were suffering.

"Mrs. Cruffold, Miss Berkely—a surprise for you!" said Cyrus Cruffold, as he gently pushed Pearl forward.

They gazed in astonishment.

"Why, Cyrus, what does this mean? Who is this?"

Estelle was looking hard at the child, a strange, bewildered light in her eyes, as she scanned the features of the unexpected comer.

"It means," replied Cruffold, "that this is Miss Pearl, a dear young friend of mine—stop: explanations in due time, Mrs. Cruffold. No more at present. Pearl, sit down—here, alongside of me."

Mrs. Cruffold was mystified. But she asked no further questions; for, when her husband said "no more at present," she knew that importunities would be useless.

As Pearl's name was uttered, Estelle started slightly, and there was a scarce perceptible arching of her brows. A look of recognition swept, for a second, over her face.

Pearl deputed herself in a way that delighted Cyrus Cruffold. He soon discovered that she was educated far beyond her years—in short, that she was a woman in all but age.

Each moment that passed found him more and more interested, until, in his enthusiastic attentions, his habits of bluntness almost entirely vanished, and smiles that were rarely seen on his face, were following his speeches in rapid succession.

Mrs. Cruffold marked the scene with half-jealous eyes.

After breakfast, Cyrus Cruffold escorted his protege into the parlor. In one corner stood a guitar of rare workmanship, and, as Pearl caught sight of it, she could have leaped toward it and grasped it in her eager hands.

She had one at her old home, and had been carefully instructed in its use. A pleasant hour had been passed in company with it, playing or singing, too, the little tunes or songs, she knew her father liked so well. It was one of her favorites.

"What a beautiful guitar!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and gazing longingly at the instrument.

"Eh? Can you play on it?"

"Oh, yes; I'm very, very fond of it."

In a trice, he had seated her on a sofa, and placed the guitar in her lap.

"Now then, play—go on," and his eyes danced as he watched her intently.

"Shall I sing, too?" she asked.

"Sing! Of course—by all means! Sing."

It was a sweet, stirring song that the young girl rendered—accompanying herself on the guitar with clear, mellow, liquid chords.

He listened raptly.

The ladies, who had retired to a window, ceased their conversation as the child's voice—which was cultured beyond belief—awoke soft, murmuring strains of music such as had never before been heard in the broad parlors of that fashion-draped edifice.

"Bravo! Bravo!" he exclaimed, delightedly, clapping his hands when she had finished. "Ladies, did you hear? There's music in that, I—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Cruffold, carelessly, "we often hear a melodious ditty on the carbuncle of the street—by children who never knew who their parents were. But—ayho!" (a half sigh and yawn)—"I suppose music is all the more enchanting from the lips of an artful siren," and with a curl of her aristocratic lip, she turned again to look out through the window.

The guitar nigh fell from Pearl's lap. The insinuation cut her to the heart, and there was an expression of acute pain in her lovely face, as the deep-blue eyes turned quickly on the speaker.

Cyrus Cruffold reddened to the temples.

He wheeled upon his wife with a suddenness that was alarming. And, for the first time since his marriage, he spoke harshly.

"Madam, understand me: this is no mere street child—no common wench—no offspring of shame—no escaped straw from a bed of vice! She is a good, pure, beautiful girl, whom I love—do you hear me, madam? 'I whom I love!'" And we will do well to hope that our children may be as finely cultured as she is. I say again, madam: do you understand me?"

It was the outburst of an honest anger—the justified resentment of a true champion.

An ominous stillness fell upon them.

Pearl went to the side of the woman who had spoken the unkind words.

"Madam," she said, in her low, sweet voice, "I am very, very sorry that you think any thing wrong of me. Indeed, my name is as good as yours—untainted and as high in standing. But if my presence is unpleasant to you, I'll go away, at once."

And Estelle Berkely, looking out through the window-pane, thought to herself:

"Yes, little one, if any thing, your name is better than hers. I know you, Pearl Rochester, and I am wondering what all this mystery means."

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Old Naome lives by herself in a comfortable little cottage near The Terrace, and has a liberal annuity secured to her by the grateful ones whom she served so faithfully.

Mack has been made master of the stables. He had learned from Finette's chatter of Miss Gardiner's presence in Justine's room that night, and had watched and waited vainly for some chance of reaching her without bringing inevitable exposure upon them both.

Justine did not forget the gray, nervous little woman at the mysterious house, nor the debt of gratitude she owed her. Mrs. Wert lives a life of ease at The Terrace, and the novelty she finds in comparative happiness has actually brought a tinge of color into her pale face.

Miss Gardiner has plunged into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The canker of disappointment has gone far to undermine her fair beauty of old. While she cared nothing for the world's homage, it was poured bounteously at her feet; now that she seeks it, the bubble eludes her grasp. It is whispered that she has become a termagant in her own household.

Finette deserted her mistress to join her fortunes with those of Michael, the footman, who is still retained at The Terrace.

Of the other characters which this story incidentally embraces, let us hope they are all happy and prosperous according to their merits.

Kind friends, adieu!

THE END.

Double-Death: OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING. A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE POYNTZ)

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBINS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORM.

A cold, driving storm of snow and sleet beat in the faces of the two travelers, as they hurried on through the darkness, John Barbour leading the way. Everard's heart was full of bitterness, and the unfriendly aspect of the heavens increased his gloom. That morning his prospects had looked so bright, and now they seemed irrecoverably blasted. By a single act of imprudence he had drawn upon himself the anger of a man who was said never to forgive, and now he was committing a second act, not only imprudent, but in the stern view of military law, unpardonable. He was "breaking his arrest."

And for what purpose? He could hardly tell himself, except that his father had suddenly appeared as if dropped from the clouds, and persuaded him to go somewhere with him, on the idea of going to the Commander-in-chief. And if he got there, what was he to say to this stern and unbending General, just and kind though he was reputed to be? How could he excuse his conduct, save by a vague admission of treason against his General, which he had nothing to support but his bare word?

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he was tempted to turn back, and throw himself on the mercy of his General. He felt convinced that he had wronged him, and the remembrance of his commander's former kindness began to make itself felt.

He actually stopped in the street—they were just out of Pine street into Delaware street, that ran along the river—and would have turned back, but his father caught him by the arm as if anticipating his intention.

"We are almost there, lad," he said, hurriedly. "Yonder is the schooner in which we sail, and in an hour more we shall be safe at sea. Come."

"Oh! sir, let me go back," said Everard, quite broken down for the moment. "I can not desert. This is nothing but desperation."

"Boy," said John Barbour, earnestly, "when you were a child you trusted to me, and I did every thing for your good. Have I become hateful to you now? I tell you that behind you lies disgrace, before you lie fame, riches and honor, if you will trust me. Come. It is too late to recede, for you have already broken your arrest."

The last words decided Everard.

With a resigned shrug of the shoulders he followed his father, and the next minute the full force of the north-east storm struck them, as they went out of the shelter of the corner across Delaware street, toward the dock. The tall, naked masts of a schooner rose up through the gloom, relieved against the faint yellowish glow of the stormy sky, and toward this schooner John Barbour proceeded. A light was burning in the binnacle, and several dark, muffled-up figures were moving about the deck.

The old Tory stepped aboard, and he seemed to be expected, for no one made any remark as he proceeded to the cabin, and motioned Everard to follow him. The young officer did so, and found himself in the small cabin of an ordinary trading-vessel, a little more elegant perhaps than most, but only provided with a single table, and benches secured to the floor, besides the two rows of berths.

"Stay here, Everard," whispered John Barbour, as if apprehensive of being heard. "Everything is ready, but we may have trouble in getting out. I must go on deck to see to things."

Everard gloomily nodded, and threw off his hat and cloak in which he had been muffled, setting down his valise on the table. He remained sitting, with his head buried in his hands, forlorn of his surroundings, till he heard a great clattering and stamping overhead. After a while the was still, and then again came the noise of feet rushing about and the creaking of ropes and blocks. In a very few minutes too, the vessel began to heave and roll as if it was putting out to sea, and Everard rose and went up the companion-way to look out.

He saw the crew, consisting of some dozen men, gathered at the bow of the vessel, hauling at a rope which seemed to be stretched some distance out into the river. The cold wind and cutting sleet were exceedingly bitter, and Everard shivered and drew back under the shelter of the hatchway, to watch with more comfort.

The vessel slowly forged ahead away from the wharf, the wind blowing diagonally toward the mouth of the river, till she had attained a position nearly a hundred

fathoms from the head of the dock, when she seemed to be short over her anchor. Then the men scattered and ran aft, and Everard saw the mainsail slowly rising in the air under their strength. In a few minutes it was set, and the boat swung round, head to the biting tempest, when again the crew rushed forward and hauled at the cable. Everard, in his ignorance of nautical affairs, understood nothing, till a heavy jerk, that seemed to shake the little vessel from stem to stern, announced that the anchor had left its bed in the Delaware mud, and the men flew at the foot of the foremost like tigers, while the vessel went surging down the river. In a moment more, with a terrible roaring and flapping, the jib rose slowly in the air; the wind caught it, and swelled it out like a balloon; the vessel spun round on her heel, and went shooting down the river before the full force of the heavy gale and powerful current, like a race-horse in his first half-mile.

The air in the little hatchway where Everard stood became calm and quiet, now that the vessel was fairly under way; the men were all busy in different places, belaying ropes and making every thing snug, and Everard beheld his father, elephantine in aspect, muffled in a huge pea-jacket, with great sea-boots on, coming toward the cabin once more.

"Keep her steady, Jim," said the old man. "We shall open the fort lights in a very few minutes now. Ha! there they are, and there's the guard-boat. I shall have time to consider, and remember that Miss Lacy will be in New York when we get there."

And John Barbour laughed defiantly. Everard noticed that even in the dark his father appeared to better advantage than he had. There was an air of jollity and carelessness courage in his broad red face, very different from the ill temper that had marked it while he was playing the spy ashore. He seemed to be more in his element on the deck of the schooner than he had been when in disgrace in Philadelphia.

Everard retired into the cabin, where he hastily muffled himself in his cloak and fastened his hat securely to his head. He had resolved to go on deck and see how they were going to get through. Moreover, the close, stifling air of the cabin made him feel sick, together with the motion of the vessel, and he wanted to be outside.

When he got on deck it was blowing harder than ever, and the sleet, freezing as it fell, had covered the decks as with a sheet of glass. Ahead of them, on either side of the river, were two lights, which seemed to be approaching with great rapidity.

A third light, out in the river itself, was tossing up and down violently, indicating what a heavy sea was running.

Everard went aft to the binnacle, and found his father standing by the helmsman. John Barbour was evidently in command of the schooner, though his son wondered where he had got his nautical knowledge. "Steady, Jim" was the warning command. "Keep her full, lad. Now we'll soon see what the guard-boat fellows are made of."

As he spoke, the schooner went sweeping down through the gloom toward the tossing light, which speedily revealed itself in the shape of a long, low row-boat, crowded with men, pulling across their forecastle.

A hoarse hail came across the water as they approached.

"Schooner, ahoy! Heave to, or we'll fire into you!"

"Fire away!" shouted John Barbour, at the top of his voice, and down swept the schooner straight on the boat. Everard saw his father seize the helm with his own hands, and the schooner's bow gave a wide sheer as she bore down so as to aim at the low ground of Sandy Hook.

Everard had come on deck, seduced by the fine weather, and nearly over his seasickness. He found his father eagerly inspecting the strange vessels through his telescope, while the little schooner held on her way toward the mouth of the harbor, with all her sails set as flat as a board, and eating up into the wind, point by point.

There were nearly twenty of the strangers,

most of them stately line-of-battle ships,

with double rows of grinning black ports,

lofty spars and immense yards. They

were scattered about in a line, several miles in length, forming a half-moon, which inclosed the mouth of the bay within its sweep.

A high sea was running, sparkling brightly in the sun, and a keen cold gale was blowing straight out of the mouth of the harbor, rendering it a very difficult task to get in at all.

John Barbour noticed his son first.

"Ha! Everard. We shall not get in without some trouble, sir. There's the French fleet, under De Grasse, blockading our vessels. But they can't catch us, sir. Let them try."

As he spoke, the hostile fleet seemed for the first time to notice the approach of the tiny schooner, for one of the stately three-deckers that was lying hove-to, along with the rest, filled her maintopsail and came down, like a ponderous and unwieldy elephant marching to trample on a rat.

The schooner kept straight on her course, as if to meet the man-of-war, but, when within a few cable lengths, suddenly tacked, and ran under the first-rate's stern. The Frenchman, evidently thinking she was the bearer of some message, hove to, and in so doing, allowed the schooner to shoot to windward, while he drifted alee. The little schooner continued on her course without deigning to halt for the French ship, and was instantly warned of the danger by a gun fired from the dark sides of the ship. But the water was too rough for good practice, though the shot whistled between the schooner's masts, and Everard could see that the ruse practiced had put the whole line of the hostile fleet alee.

It was all that was necessary. Large square-rigged ships as they were, they were nowhere as a chase dead to windward, after a Yankee schooner. The only danger remained in their guns, while the little vessel remained within range, and they apparently realized this. First one and then another of the ships opened fire on the audacious little hooker, which was laying over to the northwest, till the sea flowed in at her lee scuppers, hugging the wind closely, the shot flying over and around her, and sending showers of spray over her decks.

Flash! Boom!

A second gun followed, from the opposite side of the river.

The shot crossed their bows, and went skipping over the water for a long distance.

It was too dark for good practice. The schooner kept on faster than ever, and before another gun could be fired, had put one of the lights out of sight behind a projecting point of the bank.

The next gun was wilder than the first, and satisfied Everard that they were out of danger. The excitement had kept the feeling of sickness of him so far, but as the schooner got more and more outside, and left the lee of the land, the swell became heavier every moment, and the motion of the vessel altogether too much for one wholly unused to it. Everard was obliged to go below, where for a time he forgot every thing else in the martyrdom of sea-sickness.

John Barbour did not come down stairs till the first streaks of dawn lighted up the east, and then he looked sanguine and cheerful.

"Everard, my boy," he said to his son, "thine Heaven we are out of the clutches of the cursed rebels at last. In twenty-four hours more we'll be off the Jersey coast, and safe in New York harbor, under the guns of his blessed majesty's cruisers. Hurray for King George and down with all Yankees!"

In spite of his miserable state, Everard started up, dismayed. "You

told me we were going to see the Commander-in-chief, whose head-quarters are at Morristown."

"All's fair in war," returned John Barbour, indifferently. "You may as well know it all, first as last. Your General owns an interest in this vessel, and has been trading with New York ever so long. I have been his agent. We cooked up this plot together ourselves, and the best thing you can do is to join the king's forces. You can not escape the consequences of what has been woven round you for the last six months. Come, boy, I'm your father. I brought you up in truth and honor. Do you think I would counsel you to do wrong? No. Abandon the sinking cause of these insolent rebels, and join the armies of your king as an officer and a gentleman. I have worked and toiled for this end for months, Everard, when you thought me cold. Why should you cling to these people? The very girl whose influence engaged you with them has been false to you, and she who is worth a hundred such, a lady of wealth and refinement, stands ready to marry you to-morrow. You can not hesitate, boy. Nay, you'll join us."

Everard trembled all over.

"Leave me, sir," he said, in a low tone.

"You have woven the web of deceit too well. I may be disgraced without meriting it, but I will never consent to it willingly. Consider me a prisoner."

"You're excited, boy," said John Barbour, soothingly. "You shall have due time to consider, and remember that Washington sent out to spy on Howe's lines."

"Nathan Hale?" asked Everard, with a strange glitter in his eye.

"Ay, I believe so. Why do you ask?"

"No master, sir," said Everard. "I have taken my resolve. Do with me as you will. I will join the British army if you wish."

John Barbour started back in surprise one minute, and then he wrung his son's hand warmly.

"I knew it, my boy," said the obstinate old Tory, choking with joy. "I thought you couldn't come here and see the good old flag of your king waving over his country, without your heart warming to it. Everard, you shall never repent it. Sir Henry Clinton has promised you a commission in the finest corps of soldiers on this continent, the glorious Queen's Rangers of gallant Simcoe. How do you like that, my lad?"

"It will do as well as any thing, I suppose, sir," said Everard, indifferently. "When a man turns traitor, it makes but little difference where he goes. You have your pleasure now. Do with me as you will."

"Then go down-stairs and get off that ugly dress that makes you look like a yellow bird," said John Barbour, sarcastically.

"We call the men who wear it traitors, not those who come back to their duty at last. Tell you, sir, I am proud of my work so far. See that your obstinate folly does not make me repeat I took the trouble. Go and dress, sir."

Everard turned on his heel, and went below, a strange expression of determination on his countenance.

"I will do it," he muttered to himself, but, "I have been the victim of fraud, and with fraud will I repay it. General, look to yourself. I have believed in you for a long time. Now I have found you out. The world shall soon."

Slowly he stripped off his uniform coat, and kissed the solitary epaulet sadly, as if in farewell.

"I can not wear the colors of freedom, do wear? Let it be black, for my soul is in mourning."

He opened his valise, and took out a dark velvet suit, such as might be worn by any gentleman in those days, and in a short time was transformed from a Continental officer to a plain civilian.

He came on deck, to be warmly greeted by his father, and find the vessel to be nearing Governor's Island, while boats were pulling out to meet her from many places.

Inside of an hour they were safely moored close to the green slopes of the Battery, and Everard found himself entering the quarters of the enemy, arm in arm with his father. Every thing looked novel and exciting to him, the scarlet uniforms of the soldiers on guard at the quarters of the different superior officers, the British flag, which he had last seen wrapped in the smoke of battle, floating peacefully from the flag-staff on Fort George, which stood just where the Produce Exchange stands now. His father seemed to be well known to every one, for he was met with familiar greetings at every corner, and Everard had noticed before that no interruptions from guards or custom officers had taken place since their entering the harbor.

They went up Broadway till they approached Wall street, then the home of the ultra fashionables of New York, down which John Barbour turned. He had resumed the swagger which he had put on at Philadelphia, at the time he first met his son after their year's separation. John had put on all his fine clothes, and flourished a clouded cane with all the airs of a Macaroni or dandy of those days.

They turned down Wall street, and very soon stopped at a large brick house, at the door of which the elder Barbour knocked.

It was opened by a servant, who seemed to think it was all right, for he ushered them in without a word; and Everard found himself, in a little more, standing in a large drawing-room, face to face with Charlotte Lacy!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 127.)

posite shore, she had again to run the gauntlet of the fleet's broadsides, but they were at too great a distance now to be dangerous, and seemed to have come to the sullen conclusion that the impudent schooner must escape, for they remained hove to, and only a few long-range shots were fired, none of which damaged the schooner.

Once inside the harbor, John Barbour headed his course up the Narrows and spoke gravely to his son.

"Everard," he said, "you have worn that uniform long enough. If you wish to enter New York as a prisoner, you can do so, but I would advise you to go below and put on a suit of plain clothes. I am going to present you to Sir Henry Clinton as soon as we land. Decide quickly, and do not forget your real duty to your father in your own idea of duty to your country, as you call it."

Everard had been walking the quarter-deck, sulky and reserved, thinking over some means of escape from his predicament. As his father finished speaking, he turned and gazed intently at the Brooklyn shore. He seemed to see something there.

"Tell me, sir," he said, pointing to a tall pole, with a cross-piece at the top, "what is that?"

"That? Why, that's a gibbet, boy."

"And they hang spies there, is it not so?" asked Everard.

"Yes," said John Barbour. "The last time they hung a fellow called Hale, that Washington sent out to spy on Howe's lines."

"Nathan Hale?" asked Everard, with a strange glitter in his eye.

"Ay, I believe so. Why do you ask?"</p

MY CHILDHOOD.

BY JOE SOT, JR.

Ah, dear, I never can forget
My childhood's early days,
When innocence was on my brow—
Molasses on my face.
I gathered pleasure day by day,
Yet I improved my mind
By turning over wisdom's page—
And riding on behind.
Bright over me in gladness shone
The sun that never swerves,
With me I were in duty's path—
My friends in my preserves.
I lived within the present then;
I thought I would never cease;
And every hour I slipped delight—
And stoned old Jones' geese.
Time rested lightly on my head,
And I at care could scoff,
For oh, I had the kindest home—
The mumps, and whooping cough.
Bright dreams enhanced my slumbers then
Of all things fair and good;
I built my castle in the clouds—
But mostly in the mud.
The early playmate of my youth
Their early playmate of my youth
How firm together did we cling—
And gonge each other's eyes!

A Green Hand.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

MANY a boy thinks of the life of a sailor as one full of pleasure and excitement, and longs to go to sea. Especially is this the case in times of peace, when every thing on land seems so tame, and all the adventures to be met with are found in the paths of commerce in the great deep.

At such times all the wild boys that get a chance go to sea, and many of them find out, only too soon, that it's a hard, hard life.

I was brought up to it, and didn't mind the hardships. My father and grandfather, with all their ancestors, since the settlement of Massachusetts, had been sailors, bred up in the best of schools, the Nantucket whaling fleet. I fueled the main-royal before I was twelve years old, and at twenty-five I was second-mate aboard the ship *Nightingale*, on the Liverpool liners, when we took young William Barlow as a green hand.

William was a tall, stony young fellow, good-looking, active and obliging, but, as soon as he came aboard, our chief mate, a man named Grubb, seemed to take a violent dislike to him.

Grubb was a coarse, ill-conditioned man, very brutal and domineering to the sailors, and universally hated. Even the captain didn't seem to like him much, and never spoke to him except on duty, but Grubb was a first-class sailor, and even the worst grumblers among the men admitted that he knew what he was about.

We had a splendid crew that voyage, the only green hand aboard being young Barlow, and on him it seemed all the ill-humor of the mate found an especial pleasure in venting itself. So happened that William had the same name as the senior partner in the house our vessel belonged to, and we in the forecastle used to joke him about it, and ask him to get his uncle, old Ezra Barlow, to give us better *grub*.

Now Grubb heard this, and didn't take it as a joke, as we meant it. He took it into his head that we were grumbling about him, and he vowed vengeance upon all of us, especially on young Barlow, who was quite innocent.

"I'll give your uncle's nephew enough to do, my lad," he said to him. "I'll make you wish you'd shipped in some other name. I'll be a good enough Grubb for you, while you last."

And he kept his word, in the cruel sense in which he had meant. From the day we left New York, young Barlow was subjected to a series of petty persecutions that often made my blood boil, by the tyrannical chief mate.

The young fellow had never been to sea before in his life, and consequently he was very sea sick, but Grubb got him on his watch, and made him work, sick or well. I used often to see him slung out under the bowsprit, with the heavy head-seas dashing over him, scraping the ship's bows, a thing I never saw before out at sea.

Grubb gave him all the hard work he could, and when there was nothing else to do, he'd set him at coiling all the ropes on deck, man-of-war style.

Barlow did better than I expected he would under these persecutions. He was a very good-tempered fellow, with a stout, healthy frame, and very anxious to learn all he could of seamanship.

"Never mind, Coffin," he said to me once. "I know that he means it for ill-nature, but I'm learning all the time, you know, and the more hard work he gives me, the more I learn of seamanship. Some day I shall command a vessel of my own, and then I may want Grubb for a mate myself. I'd show him, then, the difference between a gentleman and a brute."

Nothing Grubb could do seemed to anger him, and really the cheerfulness and good will with which he obeyed the surly orders of the mate would have softened any one else, I should have thought. But Grubb was cross-grained as an old locust log, and nothing Barlow did pleased him.

So things went on for some days. The mate had never yet struck Barlow, not from want of will, but because the latter never gave him an opportunity. He was always too prompt in obeying orders. Our skipper was a good sort of man, too, and as long as he was on deck never allowed any brutality toward the men.

At last, when about three weeks out, we sighted the coast of Ireland, and began to indulge in hopes of a remarkably short voyage, in which we were doomed to disappointment.

Toward evening the wind chopped round, and came howling over the sea in a cold, biting gale from the east, against which we could not make a foot of headway, and were kept beating up and down outside of that Irish coast, a strong current sending us further and further every day.

At last the skipper got disgusted, wore ship, and stood off to the south, hoping to catch a different wind on the southern track of the steamers. Sure enough, when we'd run about two or three hundred miles, we met a southwestern which took us safely into the Chops of the Channel at last.

It was here that Grubb's ill-humor at last ended in personal attack on poor innocent Will Barlow, which came near costing the latter his life.

The skipper was below in his berth at the time, dog-tired from his work of the last three days, when he had hardly slept a

wink. It was toward the end of Grubb's watch, and I had just come on deck to get ready for mine, when I heard Grubb's surly voice, with a volley of oaths to season it, shouting:

"You, Bill Barlow, you lazy, good-for-nothing lubber, why haven't you coiled that clew line properly? I'll teach you to come aboard with your owner's names and landsman's air, coming the sea-lawyer's games over me, curse you!"

And then I saw Grubb give a kick to a mass of rope at the edge of the round-house and send the end flying into the waist.

"Now, curse you, go to work and coil that rope properly, sir," he continued, as Barlow came up to him, and the mate shook his fist in his face.

Now most men would have looked a little sulky at such a style of ordering, but Barlow seemed to be quite unmoved.

He simply touched his hat with a smile, and said:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What the devil are you grinning at, you green-faced baboon?" demanded the mate, savagely.

He seemed to be dreadfully irritated by the other's smile.

"Nothing, sir," said Barlow, civilly. But the soft answer did not turn away the mate's wrath in this instance.

"I'll teach you to grin at me, you infernal, land-leaving, lantern-jawed baboon!" he roared: and before I could clearly make out what was the matter, he had knocked poor Barlow down with his brawny fist, on the deck at the foot of the mizzen-mast.

"Grin at me, will you?" he bellowed a second time, as Barlow, now at last roused to resistance, looked angrily up, and scrambled half to his feet.

"Take that, ye worthless loafer!" and at the same moment he gave the poor fellow a violent kick in the side, that sent him again to the deck.

"Mr. Grubb! Mr. Grubb! For God's sake don't kill me!" was all the poor young fellow could utter, as the mate, seemingly roused to frenzy, lifted up his heavy boot again and let it drive with all his force into Barlow's chest and stomach.

I was thoroughly horrified, for the blood

from Fort Union to Walla-Walla, from whence they were to proceed to Astoria, and thence down the coast to Sacramento.

The party consisted of thirteen, besides the cook, five servants and myself; twenty persons in all—well mounted and well armed. They were traveling for pleasure alone, and consequently were in no hurry; and, as they paid me well for my services, I did not care how much time they consumed in making the trip.

One of the party was a regular Cockney, who expressed himself as thoroughly disgusted with the "blasted country," and every night would wish himself back in "Hold Hingland."

He had been a real lord in his own country for aught I know, but to me he seemed a pretty fair illustration of

"How much the dunces who has been sent to roam,
Excels the dunces who has been kept at home."

He had not as yet seen any Indians, with the exception of a few dirty specimens about the forts, and he was continually bragging of the exploits he would perform, should we meet with hostile party.

I resolved to take some of the conceit out of him, should occasion ever offer, and thus furnish him a chapter in the book which he was to write as soon as he got "ome," of "America as it is." He was not a favorite with any of the party, and I could never imagine what circumstances could have induced them to take him into their company.

I decided to take a new route, which would lead us through the best hunting-grounds in the world, and also through the country of the Tetons, from whom I had run away. I felt an uncontrollable desire to see my old friends, especially my Indian wife, and concluded I would remain with them after I had completed the job on Barlow.

The scenery of the portion of Montana through which we passed was romantic and beautiful. Crossing a long stretch of prairie, we came upon a prairie-dog village, the first that the Englishmen had ever seen. A thousand heads were popping up above their houses as we rode along; and for the sake of the fun, I made a wager with the "Cockney" that he could not kill one of them. He was a boastful disciple of Nim-

quainted with an owl to which none of these associations can belong: a bird that, so far from seeking refuge in the ruined habitations of man, fixes its residence within the earth; and instead of concealing itself in solitary recesses of the forest, delights to dwell on open plains, in company with animals remarkable for their social disposition, neatness and order. Instead of sailing heavily forth in the obscurity of the evening twilight, and then retreating to mope the intervening hours, our owl enjoys the broadest glare of the noon-day sun, and flying rapidly along, searches for food or pleasure during the cheerful light of day.

In the trans-Mississippi territories, the burrowing owl resides exclusively in the villages of the marmot or prairie-dog, whose excavations are so commodious as to render it unnecessary that our bird should dig for himself, as he is said to do in other parts of the world, where no burrowing animals exist. The entrance to his hole is placed either at the top or on the side, and the whole mound is beaten down externally, resembling a much-used footpath.

From the entrance the passage into the mound descends vertically for one or two feet, and is thence continued obliquely downward, until it terminates in an apartment, within which the industrious marmot constructs, on the approach of the cold season, the comfortable cell for his winter's sleep. This cell, which is composed of fine dry grass, is globular in form, with an opening at the top capable of admitting the finger; and the whole is so firmly compacted that it might, without injury, be rolled over the floor.

In all the prairie-dog villages the burrowing owl is seen moving briskly about, or else in small flocks scattered among the mounds, and at a distance it may be mistaken for the marmot itself when sitting erect. They manifest but little timidity, and allow themselves to be approached sufficiently close for shooting; but, if alarmed, some or all of them soar away and settle down again at a short distance; if further disturbed, their flight is continued until they are no longer in view, or they descend into their dwellings, whence they are difficult to dislodge.



A GREEN HAND.

gushed out of the poor fellow's mouth and he rolled over on his face with a low groan, and lay writhing there. I ran up the round-house ladder in a hurry, I tell you, just in time to stop Grubb from kicking him again.

In those days I was pretty mortal strong, boys, and I had no cause to fear Grubb, as I was the next officer.

"See here, Grubb, leave him alone," I said, pushing the brute back. "I saw all this, and I shall tell the captain what I saw."

"What do you mean by interfering between me and the men, Coffin?" he asked, sulky. "That fellow's manner's been insolent ever since he came aboard, curse him, and now I've paid him off."

But the noise had roused up the skipper, and he came out of the cabin in a hurry to know what was the matter.

"It's that Bill Barlow giving me sarcasm," said Grubb, instantly. "I guess he won't give me no more, though. I've settled his hash."

"Captain Rogers," said I, "I don't often interfere with superior officers, but I see this whole disturbance, and I'll answer, sir, that Barlow did not say a single violent word, while Mr. Grubb knocked him down and stamped on him, without any provocation."

The skipper looked puzzled and annoyed. A row between officers, in which one has to be blamed, is always disagreeable to a captain.

"Mr. Grubb," he said, in a low tone, "this is too bad. You must not be so brutal to the men."

He turned to Barlow, who still lay on the deck, but had stopped writhing.

"Barlow," he said, "get up and go to your berth."

Barlow made no answer or movement. I shook him and then we discovered that he was senseless.

Mohenesto:

OR,
Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

VI.—Guide Across the Mountains.—The Cockney Englishman.—Our Reception among the Tetons Sioux.—Prairie Dogs.—Their Villages and Habits.—The Burrowing Owl.—Where they Live.—Rattlesnakes.—Antidote for the Bite.—Practice what you Preach.—John Bull on the Retreat.—Two Sides to a Story.—To the Column and back.—Small-pox Among the Indians.—Treatment of it.—Leaving the Sioux.

In the spring of 1859 I engaged with a party of English gentlemen to guide them

rod, yet withal, a good marksman, and he readily accepted the bet, which, it is unnecessary to say, he—lost.

These curious animals live in communities very much resembling the "Oneida Community" in Western New York, or promiscuousness. Some of their towns are twenty miles in length, containing a larger population than any metropolis on the globe.

In size, the prairie-dog is between the gray squirrel and the wood-chuck, or ground-hog, of the Eastern States. The prairie-dog subsists on grass, and has none of the characteristics of the dog, except his yelp, which resembles that of a young puppy. Small owls perch upon the mound beside his hole; but there are no signs of the traditional rattlesnake, said to be an unwelcome occupant of his subterranean city, whose labyrinthine honeycombs the ground.

We have no evidence that the owl and marmot habitually resort to one burrow; yet we are well assured by Pike and others that the common danger often drives them into the same excavation. The note of the owl is strikingly similar to the cry of the marmot, which sounds like *chek, chek*, pronounced several times in rapid succession; and were it not that the burrowing owls of the West Indies, where no marmots exist, utter the same sound, it might be inferred that the marmot was the intentional tutor to the young owl; this cry is only uttered as the bird begins its flight. Its food appears to consist entirely of insects, as on examination of its stomach, nothing but the ground.

The hillock of earth extracted from his hole is ten or twelve inches high, and two feet in width. Upon this stands the prairie-dog's castle. His own picket and scout, he maintains a sharp lookout for his foreign enemy, the wolf, and has an occasional domestic feud with his persistent co-tenant, the burrowing owl.

The most honest of real estate dealers, he acts upon the great truth that inhabitants are indispensable to a city, and never offers lots in paper towns, to unsuspecting victims. There is no deceit in that honest, jovial face. Vegetarian diet has not made him an ascetic; he takes the world like a philosopher and a gentleman; frolics merrily with his fellows in the warm sunlight, and as you approach, scampers home. There, from his own roof, he gazes quizzically at you, shaking his fat sides with laughter; and as you reach forth your hand to take him, he turns a graceful summerset, gives a series of hearty cacklings, and affording a dissolving view of his tail, dives into his underground domicil. The flesh is not very palatable; though resembling that of the squirrel, it has a rank taste.

Of the burrowing owl, who is usually found with the prairie-dog, we glean the following interesting description from "Wilson's American Birds."

Venerable ruins, crumbling under the influence of time and vicissitudes of season, are habitually associated with our recollections of the owl; or he is considered as the tenant of somber forests, whose nocturnal gloom is rendered deeper and more awful by the harsh dissonance of his voice. In poetry, he has long been regarded as the appropriate concomitant of darkness and horror.

But we are now to make the reader ac-

quainted with these owls to which none of these associations can belong: a bird that, so far from seeking refuge in the ruined habitations of man, fixes its residence within the earth; and instead of concealing itself in solitary recesses of the forest, delights to dwell on open plains, in company with animals remarkable for their social disposition, neatness and order. Instead of sailing heavily forth in the obscurity of the evening twilight, and then retreating to mope the intervening hours, our owl enjoys the broadest glare of the noon-day sun, and flying rapidly along, searches for food or pleasure during the cheerful light of day.

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In this trip I think I saw more rattlesnakes than ever before. In the mountains the banks of the streams are usually pretty thickly lined with them, but the mountaineer is quite well accustomed to them, as they are found in nearly every section of their hunting and trapping-grounds. To the tourist from the Eastern States the rattle-snake is a very formidable enemy.

The rattle-snake rarely moves after sunset. The night air is generally too cold for him. In the daytime they are a noble enemy, always warning their antagonist of their hostile intentions by springing their rattles, thus giving timely warning of danger.

By these two wise provisions of the Creator the power of this otherwise terrible reptile is so limited or restrained that the trapper rarely gives him a thought unless he comes in direct contact. Although they are very numerous, it seldom happens that either an Indian or a trapper is bitten by them.

It is a fact worth knowing that, in the